

Bargains! Bargains!

Commencing with the New Year I will sell my whole stock of Dr Goods and the following Groceries

Fruits, canned Goods, Tobacco, cigars, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Hats and caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, country Produce of all Kinds,

at prices that cannot be equalled for quality in this place, at least that is what competent judges say of them. We think so from quantity sold during Holidays.

—ALSO—

1 two horse knee Sled, 1 one horse knee Sled, 1 pair of bobsleds, 1 express wagon, with top for peddling; 1 double seated open carriage, 1 double seated covered carriage, 1 top buggy, 1 set express harness, 2 sets single driving harness.

Liberal Discount for Cash.

J. W. DICKIE.

They banish pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

RIPANS

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (50 tablets) can be had by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

Fire Brick, Lime &c.

TO ARRIVE AND IN STOCK.

- 15000 Scotch Fire Brick.
- 10 Tons of Fire Clay.
- 50 Bbls Portland Cement.
- 1 Car Load Snow Flake Lime.
- 1 Car, Calciend and Farmers' Plaster.
- 5000 Red Brick.

FOR SALE BY **JAMES S. NEILL, Fredericton.**

Do You Think of Building

I manufacture every description of . . . Building Materials, and will furnish prices and estimates.

Give Me a Trial Order. **A. A. MABEE,** 212 and 214 Main St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Poetry.

JUDGE NOT.

Oh men who are good, who are honored and great,
Be kind to your brothers of lowly estate,
If masters, then be not in tasking severe,
If rulers, then rule men in love and not fear,
And if ye be fathers, wise, learned and strong,
Lead the little ones tenderly, slowly along,
Ere you sneer at the humble or punish the base,
Pause and think for awhile, "Put yourself in their place!"

Fair lady, so haughty, so chaste and so cold,
Keep safe from harm in love's sheltering fold,
Ere you turn from your frail, erring sister with scorn,
Think how she was tempted and how she was born,
Her ruin may date from a smile or kind word,
The first that her poor, hungry heart ever heard,
Then pause ere you taunt her with sin and disgrace—
How if you had been tried? "Put yourself in her place."

Proud man, whom the white robes of ermine unfold,
As you weigh others' sins in the balance you hold,
Ere you crush the last spark in a heart doomed to bleed,
Let mercy come in for a moment and plead,
Ere you sentence "for life" a poor brother to dwell
With the ghost of his sins that shall people his cell,
Think why you are honored, and he in disgrace,
What is hid in your heart? "Put yourself in his place!"

"Put yourself in their place!" Yea, have mercy on all
Who through love or through hate, good or evil shall fall;
Who knows in a light of a judgment divine,
Which soul shall be whitest, the sinner's or thine!
Fear to judge lest you stand as the heavenly door,
To see harlots and publicans go in before,
While you cover with guilty confusion your face,
And cry, when too late, to be put in their place!

PHOEBE CARY.

A HAPPY MAN.

Ah, life looks very bright to me,
Since I have heard her say,
With sweet, becoming modesty,
She'll marry me some day—

If I will give up smoking!
If I will go to church;
If I will cut the club and leave
My best friends in the lurch;
If I will never stay out late,
But hasten home at nine;
If I will let her have her way,
She's promised to be mine!

If I will move to Brooklyn:
And never touch a card;
If I will buckle down to work,
And labor long and hard
To buy her stylish bonnets,
And gowns and lots of gloves;
That I may be that happy man,
The lucky man she loves!

If I'll be always pleasant,
And never, never scold;
And never make her nurse me
And not grow cross and old;
And always stay good-looking—
She can't stand ugly men—
If I come up to her ideal,
Why, we'll be married, then!

That's why I am so happy,
And why I often seem
Unconscious and abstracted—
I'm living in a dream!
She is so sweet and pretty,
And so unselfish too!
I wonder how I love her love—
I can't believe it's true!

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

Life without love is like
Day without sunshine,
Roses bereft of
Sweet nature's perfume;
Love is the guide mark
To those who are weary
Of waiting and watching
In darkness and gloom.

Love to the heart is like
Dew-drops to violets
Left on the dust-ridden
Roadside to die;
Love leads the way
To our highest endeavors,
Lightens and lessens
The pain of each sigh

Life without love
Is like spring without flowers,
Brook streams that move not
Or star-bereft sky
Love creates efforts
Most worthy and noble,
Prompts us to live
And resigns us to die.

—Arthur G. Lewis

AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.

Two soldiers lay on the battlefield
At night when the sun went down,
One held a lock of thin gray hair,
And one held a lock of brown.

One thought of his sweetheart back at home
Happy and young and gay,
And one of his mother left alone,
Feeble and old and gray.

Each in the thought that a woman cared
Murmured a prayer to God,
Lifting his gaze to the blue above,
There on the battle sod.

Each in the joy of a woman's love
Smiled through the pain of death,
Murmured the sound of a woman's name,
Though with his parting breath.

Pale grew the dying lips of each;
Then, as the sun went down,
One kissed a lock of thin gray hair,
And one kissed a lock of brown.

THE CLOVER.

Some sing of the lily, and daisy and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summer-time throws
In the green, grassy lap of the meadow that lays
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunny days.

But what is the lily, and all of the rest
Of the flowers, to a man with a heart in his breast
That was dipped brimmin' full with the honey and dew
Of the sweet-clover blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in a mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear
And as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;

And I wander away in a bare-footed dream
Whar I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover; it seems like a part
Of the sacredest sorrows and joys of my heart;
And wherever it blossoms, O, that I be
Whar it is!

And thank the good God, as I'm thankin' Him now!
And I pray to Him still for the stren'th,
Whan I die,
To go out in the clover and tell it good-by,

And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

—John Whitcombe Riley.

Humorous.

A Clever Boy.

"Oh, do come and help!" gasped a boy who ran up to a policeman; "there is an awful fight going on, on our street!"

"Who's fighting?"

"My father and another man."

"How long have they been at it?"

"Oh, half an hour."

"But why didn't you come and tell me about it before?"

"Why, because dad was getting the best of it all along till up to ten minutes ago."

Mamma—Johnnie, were you and the boys playing war this afternoon?

Johnnie—Yes, ma'am.

Mamma—Who got licked?

Johnnie—Spain.

Mamma—Who was Spain?

Johnnie—Nobody. Wouldn't nobody be Spain; so we just played it.

A condemned murderer wrote to the governor of his state:

"If you will let me out of jail I will organize a company and fight for my country."

The governor was impressed with his patriotism, but replied:

"Sorry, but we want only sound men in our army, and you are threatened with a crick in your neck."

Farmer Outbin—Them vegetables will hev to be sorted extry keeful, 'coz they are gettin' might perticular down to the city.

Mrs. Outbin—What now, Hezekiah?

Farmer Outbin—I've just bin a readin' how some poor feller's bin arrested for sellin' green good. It do beat all how they keep legislatin' agin' the farmers.

An Obliging Sponsor.

An old woman who was standing sponsor for a child in a country church was asked the usual question, whether she would renounce the devil and all his works.

"No, I wun," said the old lady. "I wunnot!"

"Do'ee now," says the father of the child.

"No, I wunnot," replied the old lady, firmly.

"Do'ee old 'oman, just to oblige me," he coaxed.

"Well," says the old lady, after great pressing, "I will for this once, but mind, I wun't never do it again!"

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Court House at Hampton, in the Parish of Hampton, in the County of Kings, on SATURDAY, THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF JULY NEXT, at three o'clock in the afternoon pursuant to the directions of a certain Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the twenty-sixth day of April, A. D. 1898, in a certain cause wherein Charles D. Lowery is Plaintiff and Ira T. McDonald, Mary E. McDonald, George H. Waterbury, Edward L. Rising, Fred A. Dykeman and Harvey L. Hewson are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee, the mortgaged premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill and said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that lot piece or parcel of land situated lying and being in the Parish of Cambridge aforesaid on the north-western side of the Washademoak Lake, and bounded as follows:—In front by the 'Washademoak Lake, on the upper or 'northerly side by lands owned by Susan McDonald, on the lower or southerly side 'partly by lands owned by Jacob McDonald, and partly by lands occupied by 'Joseph McDonald, on the rear or western side by lands owned by William Carney containing seventy-five acres more or less (except one quarter of an acre for the heirs of John Clark, late of the Parish of Wickham deceased, for 'a burying place where the burying 'ground now is situated) the said piece of land hereby conveyed being the same as 'was devised to Sarah Ann McDonald by 'the last will and testament of John McDonald deceased."

Together with the buildings thereon and the rights, members, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

For terms of Sale and other Particulars apply to Jas. W. Flower, Plaintiff's Solicitor, St. John, N. B.

Dated the 9th Day of May, A. D. 1898.

JAS. W. FLOWER,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

ARTHUR C. FAIRWEATHER,
Referee in Equity:
JOHN E. RYAN,
Auctioneer.

John G. Adams. UNDERTAKER

Funeral Director.

Caskets, in Brocade, Velvet, Broad cloth (Black or White), Rosewood, Walnut Oak, French Burl and Stained Wood. Highly finished in different Styles and Qualities, All Sizes, Prices Reasonable.

Polished Woods and Cloth Covered Coffins, Robes, Hoods, and MOUNTING.

A FIRST CLASS HEARSE

in connection with White or Black Mountings for Young or Old. Orders from the Country carefully attended to at Moderate Prices.

Opp. Queen Hotel, Fredericton
Telephone No. 26.

We Carry a Large Assortment of PICTURE MOULDINGS.

YOU CAN BUY

Pianos, Organs,

or anything else in Musical Instruments, Fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry or Silverware, at

TERMS TO SUIT YOU,

—FROM—

K. BEZANSON,

258, 260 and 262 Main St.,
MONCTON, - N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1791.

A. Chipman Smith & Co.,

Druggists and Apothecaries,
No. 1 City Market Building, Charlotte St.,
Saint John, N. B.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Fine Drugs and Chemicals, Materia Medica, Druggists' Sundries, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery,
Soaps, Brushes Combs, Etc., Etc.

BOARDERS.

The subscriber can accommodate visitors with pleasantly situated rooms Telephone and post office convenient and only a few minutes walk from the steam boat wharves.

MRS. E. SIMPSON.

F. A. YOUNG,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
General Hardware.
Agent for Sherwin-Williams' Paint.
SPECIALTIES:
OILS, PAINTS AND GLASS.
BRICK BUILDING,
736 MAIN ST., NORTH ST. JOHN, N. B.

N. W. Brennan,

Undertaker,
BUILDING NO. 715,
FOOT OF MAIN STREET.
Telephone, 222 a Office, 222 b Residence.
ST. JOHN.
Special Prices for Country Orders.

WM. PETERS,

DEALER IN—
Leather, Hides, Tallow,
Furriers' and Tanners' Tools,
Shoemakers' Findings, etc.
Manufacturer of the Famed Bluenose
Buffalo Sleigh Robe.
240 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Farm for Sale!

Farm containing 170 acres of upland cutting about 40 tons of upland hay, situated in Jerusalem settlement in the Parish of Hampstead, three miles from the St. John River. The farm is well watered a good boiling spring near house, it is also well wooded and centrally located to post office, general store, blacksmith shops, etc. it is in a good neighborhood where the neighbors are strictly honest and obliging.

Also, 1 horse rake, plows and other farming implements.

This is a good chance to get a farm on easy terms as the owner is in no hurry for the money.

For terms, etc., write to
MRS. H. L. DUFFIE,
Glassville, Carleton Co., N. B.

R. WOTTRICH,

Gun Maker,
MANUFACTURER OF
All Kinds of Sporting Goods.
Special attention given to Winchester Rifles and Revolvers. Also repairing of all kinds of Bicycles and manufacturer of Surgical Instruments and Trusses. Perfect fit of Trusses guaranteed. Made to order.

254 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.

Patronize the GLOBE LAUNDRY,

2 Doors Below Queen Hotel,
Queen Street, Fredericton, N.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

JOSEPH RUBINS, Agent Gagetown.

G. R. PERKINS, Proprietor.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the lot adjoining the one occupied by his residence known as the Stockfort Lot.
WM. HAMILTON,
Gagetown, April 26

St. John Semi-Weekly Sun.

Cash in Advance, 75 cents a Year.
The Cheapest and Best Newspaper for Old and Young in the Maritime Provinces
Twice a Week—Wednesday & Saturday

St. John Daily Sun

IS A NEWSPAPER
First, Last and all the Time,
2 CENTS PER COPY FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR
In quantity, variety and reliability of its despatches and correspondence, it has no rival.

Using Mergenthaler Type-casting Machines THE SUN is printed from new type every morning.

Established in 1878, it has increased in circulation and popularity each year. Advertising rates furnished on application

Notice to Let.

A very nice cottage, in Gagetown, Q. C. Apply to,
T. SHERMAN PETERS.
Gagetown, June 8th, 1898.